

# NEW CANADIAN READERS

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A

# A PRIMER.

## PART II.

Here is May under the  
apple tree.

She has found an apple.  
She likes the ripe red apples.  
Hear her sing:—

“Red apples on the tree  
I love to see.  
Red apples, red apples,  
Drop down for me!  
Sweet apples, ripe apples,  
Come down to me!”

The apples have red cheeks.  
How sweet they are!  
How juicy they are!  
Do you like apples?



### THE APPLE MAN.

---

Ho ! Apples ! Sweet apples !  
Who will buy ? Who will buy ?

Ho ! Apples ! Ripe apples !  
Who will ripe apples buy ?

Their cheeks are like roses,  
Their pulp white as milk.  
They are sweet as June posies,  
They are smooth as fine silk.

Ho ! Apples ! Sweet apples !  
Who will buy ? Who will buy ?  
So juicy ! so mellow !  
My apples who 'll try ?  
They were nursed in the sunshine,  
They were rocked by the breeze,  
They were cradled all summer  
In the old apple trees.

Ho ! Apples ! Ripe apples !  
Who will buy ? Who will buy ?  
Sweet apples ! Red apples !  
Who will ripe apples buy ?

---

### THE WINDFLOWER.

May went into the woods to play.  
She found this little windflower there.  
She found it in a sunny place.  
Little flower! do you  
like the sunshine?  
Yes, the sunshine makes  
me grow.

I open my eyes when  
the sun shines.

Does sunshine make  
children grow?

Do children like the  
sunshine?

Do they like flowers?

Do they like me? Do they know my  
name?

May likes to go into the woods.  
She likes to find the sweet flowers.  
She likes to play in the sunshine.  
Little May is like the sunshine.



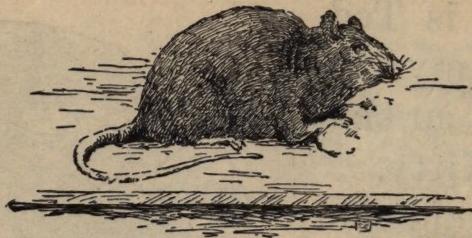


MEMORIZE.

“’Mid pleasures and palaces  
Though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble,  
There’s no place like home;  
A charm from the skies  
Seems to hallow us there,  
Which, sought through the world,  
Is ne’er met with elsewhere.  
Home, home! Sweet, sweet home!  
Be it ever so humble,  
There’s no place like home.”

Kitty, this is Ted.  
 Ted, this is my kitty.  
 Show Ted your sharp  
 claws, Kitty.  
 Show him your sharp  
 teeth.  
 Feel of her soft fur  
 coat, Ted.  
 Is n't it pretty?  
 See her long tail.  
 Her paws are like  
 cushions. GRO  
 She makes no noise when she walks.  
 The mouse does not hear her, until she  
 jumps upon him.  
 We know why ~~your~~ teeth are so sharp,  
 Kitty.  
 We know why your claws are so sharp.  
 The poor little mouse knows, too.





*When the cat is away  
The mice will play.*

Ah, little mouse! what do you want here?  
You smell my good cheese.  
You think you would like some cheese for  
dinner.

So you creep quietly along the shelf.  
Ah, little mouse! your little white teeth  
are very sharp.

You gnawed a hole in the hard shelf.  
Cheese is softer than wood.  
I know you can gnaw cheese.  
Creep quietly, little mouse.  
Kitty may hear you.  
You do not like her sharp claws.



Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
Where have you been?  
I've been to London  
To see the Queen

Pussy cat, pussy cat,  
What saw you there?  
I saw a little mouse  
Under a chair.



A tiny little polywog,  
And little brothers three,  
Lived in the water near a log,  
As happy as could be.  
But strange to say, one summer day,  
These funny polywogs  
Got legs and lungs, and jumped and  
croaked,  
For all of them were frogs.

Kitty has sharp claws.  
Her teeth are sharp, too.

## The Cow.

The friendly cow, all red and white,  
I love with all my heart;  
She gives me cream with all her might,  
To eat with apple tart.  
  
She wanders lowing here and there,  
And yet she cannot stray,  
All in the pleasant open air,  
The pleasant light of day.  
  
And blown by all the winds that pass  
And wet by all the showers,  
She walks among the meadow grass,  
And eats the meadow flowers.

~~~~~  
Children should memorize the verses, and then find the words which  
are easily recognized by their sounds or by their places.

The brook and the cow



Here is old Fan again.  
She stands in the brook.  
She likes the cold water.  
She likes the green grass, too.  
I can see the pretty flowers by the brook.  
Will she eat the pretty flowers?  
Old Fan! why do you like the brook?  
Fan does not hear me.  
Old Fan! do you like the little brook?

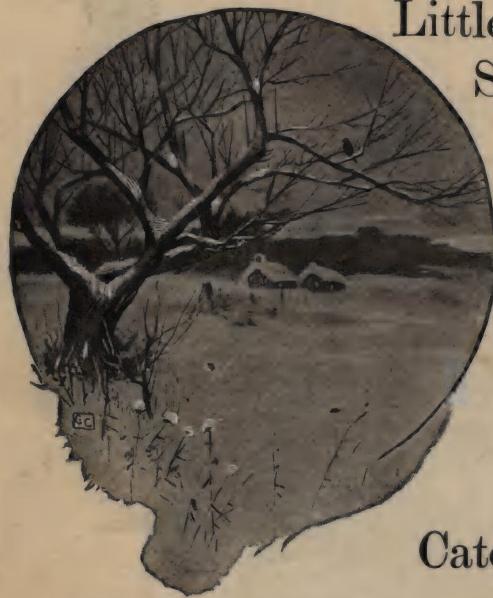
The brook gives Fan water to drink.  
It makes the grass grow.  
The little birds like the brook.  
They like to drink the cold water.  
The flowers like the brook, too.  
They can see their faces in it.  
The brook sings as it runs.  
It sings a pleasant song.  
The trees grow near the brook.  
They look into the water.  
The brook sings to the trees.  
It sings to the flowers.  
It sings to old Fan.  
It sings to me.  
I like to play in the brook.  
I like to hear it sing.  
I like to see the little birds.  
They drink from the brook.  
Dear brook! do not run away.  
Little brook, little brook! where are you  
going?  
I am going to the sea.



“Asters by the brook side  
Make asters in the brook.”

H. H.

*All the rivers run  
into the sea.*



Little Robin red breast  
Sat up in a tree,  
Up went pussy cat  
And down came he  
Down came pussy  
cat,  
Away Robin ran,  
Said little Robin  
red breast,  
Catch me if you can.

Hark! do you hear that song?  
It is a robin.  
Yes, it is a robin.  
See his red breast!  
There he sits on the apple tree.  
Hear him sing!  
How glad he is!  
How glad we are that spring has come!  
Ah, Robin! you came too soon.

Spring is not here yet.

Why did you come so soon?

The spring is coming, little boy.

She is coming from the south.

I saw her flowers there.

The violets are just ready to lift their heads.

The snowdrop is here.

I am looking for my friend the bluebird.

He has the color of the sky on his back,  
and the color of the earth is on his breast.

---

The north wind doth blow,

And we shall have snow;

And what will robin do then,

Poor thing?

He will fly to the barn

To keep himself warm,

And hide his head under his wing,

Poor thing!

I saw something on my way to school  
this morning.

Would you like to know what it was?

It was running away.

It laughed and sang as it went.

Its song was merry and glad.

I liked to hear it sing.

And this was its song:—

“I chatter, chatter, as I flow,  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.”

What was it?

---

What does the brook do?

It waters the fields.

It gives the cows cold water to drink.

It makes a home for the fishes.

It sings over the stones.

It turns the mill wheel.

It is happy in the sunshine.

## *The Pussy Willow.*

Come, children, come!  
Here I am down by the brook.  
I hid in my little brown house  
all winter.

Here I am up in the willow.  
See my soft gray fur!  
I am Pussy Willow.  
Come, children, come!

The brook sings as it runs over  
the stones.

It knows that Pussy Willow has  
come out of her little brown  
house.

It is glad she has come.  
Hear it laugh and sing!  
Laugh, little brook! Sing over  
the stones!  
Spring is coming.



One day I saw a mother robin.  
She had four little robins.  
They were very hungry.  
What do you think she did?  
She found a large bush with red berries  
on it.  
It grew in the garden.  
She coaxed the little robins to fly to the  
bush.  
There they found their dinner.  
Chirp! chirp! chirp! said the mother robin.  
Do you like your dinner?  
Do you like the red berries?  
Chirp! chirp! chirp! said the little robins.  
Thank you for our good dinner.  
We are hungry, and our dinner is good.  
Who gave the dinner to the little robins?

---

There's a merry brown bird sitting up  
in a tree,  
He is singing to you, he is singing to me.



The clouds had been heavy and dark all day,  
I had looked for the sun in vain;  
But sweet and clear, in the maple near,  
The robins sang in the rain.

Ah, boys and girls who sit and sigh,  
And of dreary days complain!  
In cloud and sun work bravely on,—  
The robins sing in the rain.

*The robins sing in the rain.*



C. J. Bush.

DAN AT THE WINDOW.

Can you see Dan at the window?

He is looking up at the sky.

What does he see in the sky?

He sees a beautiful rainbow.

It came when the sun shone after the rain.

Can you see its beautiful colors?

Violet, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red.

How glad Dan is to see the beautiful bow!

Now he is glad that the rain came.

There is a story about the rainbow. I like  
to hear it.

They say that a pot of gold lies at the  
foot of the rainbow.

A little boy tried to find it.

He walked, and walked, and walked; but still  
the foot of the rainbow was far away.

At last he lay down to rest, for he was tired.

His mother found him under a pine tree.

He had not found the pot of gold.

I wonder why!

Mamma saw the beautiful rainbow.

"Do you like it, Dan?" she said.

"Yes, I am glad it came," said Dan.

"Some day we will make the rainbow colors in our own room," said mamma.

---

Now see mamma! She is showing Dan  
the rainbow colors on the wall.

There they are:—

Violet, blue, green, yellow, orange, red.  
How did she make them?  
She hung a prism in the sunshine.  
What is a prism?

---

Rainbow at night  
Is the sailor's delight.  
Rainbow in the morning,  
Sailors, take warning!

---

If I had wings, I would fly away  
To find the foot of the rainbow.

I would gather the gold,  
All my hands could hold,  
That is hid at the foot of the rainbow.



What kind of a bird  
do you see in the  
tree?

Name as many birds  
as you can.

I can name the colors of the rainbow,  
can you?

They are violet, blue, green, yellow, orange,  
and red.

Where can I find the colors of the rain-  
bow?

Violet in the violets, and blue in the sky;  
Green in the grass, and yellow in the  
dandelion;

Orange in the orange, and red in the rose.

*"My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky."*

---

A RIDDLE.

What am I?

I come down from the sky.

I wash the dusty grass.

I give the flowers water to drink.

I patter on the windows.

I make children run.

I make the brooks sing.

What am I? Where do I go?

*rain*

FOR STUDY.

The rain falls on the grass and flowers.

Draw a picture of it.

I carry an umbrella when I go out in the rain.

Draw the picture.

Draw a picture of the flower before the rain.

Draw a picture of the flower after the rain.

Draw a rainbow.



I know a brook.  
By the brook there grows a tree.  
In the tree there is a nest.  
On the nest there sits a bird.  
The brook sings to the bird.  
Tell me, little bird, why do you sit so long  
on your nest?  
I have four little eggs in my nest, and I  
must keep them warm.  
There are little birds in the eggs.  
They would die if they were cold.  
I will hide them under my warm breast.  
Soon there will be four little mouths to feed.

---

My mate and I will feed them.  
Sing, little brook, while I sit on my nest!  
Sing for the dear little birds that are coming!



Tree! tree!  
said the little  
brook, why do  
your leaves  
grow so fast?

To hide the  
little nest in  
my branches,  
for the mother  
bird will have  
little birds  
soon.

I would not have them found by the  
sharp-eyed cat.

---

Over in the meadow, in a hole in a tree,  
Lived an old mother bird and her little birdies three.  
“Sing,” said the mother. “We sing,” said the three;  
So they sang and were glad in the hole in the tree.

I am corn.

I grow in the garden.

See my long green leaves.

See my beautiful waving  
tassel.

Can you find my ears?

They are hidden in the  
green husks.

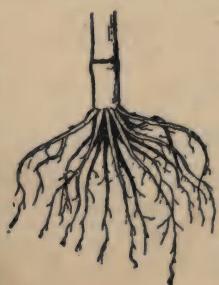
Once I was a little seed.  
The farmer hid me in the  
dark ground.

The sunbeam and the  
rain came down to  
call me out of my  
dark bed.

"Come, little seed," they said, "it is time  
to grow."

Then I lifted a  
little leaf into  
the air.

I sent little roots  
into the earth.



My leaves drank air and sunshine.  
My stem grew large and stout.  
My beautiful blossoms grew in the sun  
and rain  
Do you know why the farmer plants me?  
Do you know why little chickens like me?  
Do you like me, too?  
I am called Indian corn. Do you know  
why?

*Commit to memory.*

If ever I see,  
On bush or tree,  
Young birds in their pretty nest,  
I must not in play  
Steal their nest away,  
Nor the little birds molest.

And when they can fly  
In the bright blue sky,  
They'll warble a song to me;  
And then, if I'm sad,  
It will make me glad  
To think they are happy and free.

---

CAN YOU TELL ME WHY?

Can you tell why the brook runs to  
the river?

Can you tell why the spider makes  
his web among the flowers?

Can you tell why summer is the best  
time for making hay?

Can you tell why the birds go away  
when cold winter comes?

Can you tell why some children are  
glad when Jack Frost comes?

Can you tell why the stars can not  
be seen in the day time?

Why did the boy cry, "Wolf! wolf!"

Why did the fly go into the spider's  
parlor?

Why do you like to go up in a swing?

Why did Jack Frost paint pictures  
on the window?

---

## THE FARMER.

Here is the farmer, hard at work in his field.

He is sowing wheat. See him throw the seed upon the ground!



The dark earth will cover it.

Gentle rains will water it.

The warm sun will shine upon it.  
By and by all the field will be green.

Every seed will send little roots into the earth.

It will send up little leaves into the air.

Then the warm sun will help the wheat to grow. The rain will help, too.

The warm south wind will blow over the field of growing grain.

The wheat will bend before the wind.

How beautiful the waving grain will be!

Then the blossoms will come.

And then we shall find the ripe wheat in  
the farmer's field.

The stems and the leaves will be as yellow  
as gold.

The farmer will be glad as he looks at  
his field.

He will reap his wheat, and take  
it to his barn.

By and by he will take it to the  
mill.

The miller will make flour from  
the wheat.

Do you know what will be made  
from the flour?

Do you know that the farmer  
works for you?

What is your work?



(Draw.)

~~~~~  
The farmer and the miller have worked,  
the mother said,

To get the flour ready, that I may bake  
the bread.

---

### THE FARMER AND HIS SONS.

---

Once upon a time there was a farmer who  
lived on a large farm.

He worked early and late.

He plowed his fields, and he planted corn  
and wheat.

When his grain was ripe he put it into  
his barn.

The farmer was very rich, because he had  
worked so hard.

But his sons did not like to work.

They were lazy and careless.

So they asked their father for his money.

“Father, you are very rich,” they said;  
“show us where your treasure is hid.”

“All my treasure lies in the cornfield,” said  
the father.

Then the sons took spades and dug in the  
field day after day.

They hoped to find a pot of gold in the  
earth.

## The Dog in the Manger.

Here is the barn with its open door.  
The sweet hay is piled in the loft, and  
the farmer has filled the manger for  
the hungry ox.



Good, old fellow ! He  
has worked hard all  
the morning. Now  
he wants to eat his  
dinner.

But an idle dog has been  
lying in the manger.

As the tired ox comes  
to his dinner, the dog barks and snarls  
to keep him away.

The ox looks at the dog with wide open  
eyes.

“Why do you keep me from my dinner?”  
he asks. “You cannot eat hay.”

Who can tell?

## *The Mill Wheel.*

Round and round it goes,  
As fast the water flows,—  
The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel  
That turns the noisy, dusty mill.

Round and round it goes,  
As fast the water flows.

Turning all the day,  
It never stops to play,—  
The dripping, dropping, rolling wheel—  
But keeps on grinding golden meal.  
Turning all the day,  
It never stops to play.

Sparkling in the sun,  
The merry waters run  
Upon the foaming, flashing wheel  
That laugheth loud, but worketh still.  
Sparkling in the sun,  
The merry waters run.

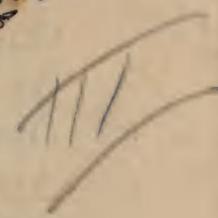
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FOR STUDY.—*Fill in the blanks.*

One \_\_\_\_\_ and then another,  
And the longest walk is ended.  
One \_\_\_\_\_ and then another,  
And the largest rent is mended.  
One \_\_\_\_\_ and then another,  
And the highest wall is made.  
One \_\_\_\_\_ and then another,  
And the deepest snow is laid.

---

Dance, little leaflets, dance,  
'Neath the balmy sky of spring;  
Dance in the golden sun  
To the tune that the robins sing.  
Now you are light and young,  
Just fit for a baby play;  
So dance, little leaflets dance,  
And welcome the merry May.



## Rock-a-bye Baby.

Rock-a-bye baby,  
On the tree-top!  
When the wind blows  
The cradle will rock;  
When the bough breaks  
The cradle will fall;  
Down will come baby,  
Cradle, and all.

## The Tree-Top Baby.

Have you seen the baby on the tree-top?  
Have you seen the little cradle?  
Open your bright eyes, and look at the  
elm tree.

Do you not see the tiny cradle on the  
topmost bough?

Can you guess the baby's name?

It is Baby Oriole who swings in the tree-  
top cradle.

There she rocks while her father and  
mother fly about to get her dinner.

They sing for joy when they think of  
their baby in the cradle.

They fly east and west to find food for  
their little one.

Have you seen them flying about?  
A poet called an oriole a "glance of fire."

Ask your teacher why.

Perhaps you know, and can tell. *b*



### THE PLAYHOUSE.

Here is May's playhouse under the apple tree.  
May likes to play in the playhouse.  
The old apple tree makes a cool shade for  
her.

Sometimes the old tree is covered with  
sweet blossoms.

Now it bears many beautiful red apples.

Last June there was a little house in the tree.

It was made of grass and mud.

The robins built this house in the tree.

One day there were four blue eggs in it.

Soon four little robins were crying for something to eat.

Mamma Robin and Papa Robin flew away to find food.

What did they eat? Can you think?

When the little robins grew large and strong, they flew away to find food.

They left their house in the old apple tree.

Do you know where they went?

May hopes they will come back again.

May is playing with her dolls.

Do you see them? One, two, three!

She is having a tea party.

May will give the dolls some tea.

She says her dolls like bread and milk.

Fido wants to play with them.

He likes bread and milk, too.

Edel Atkins

48



FEEDING THE BIRDS.

J. F. Millet.

Edward Edward

---

*The Mother.*

---

The one I love most dearly is my mother,  
She is the dearest mother in the world.  
Her smile is like the sunshine.  
Her voice is as sweet as a song.  
She is busy from morning till night.  
It is mother who makes our dresses.  
It is mother who gets our dinner.  
It is mother who tells us pretty stories.  
It is mother who sings us pretty songs.  
It is mother who loves us.  
And we love her with all our hearts.

---

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky,  
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,  
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,  
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather,  
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,  
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,  
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,—  
But only one mother the wide world over.



---

MY MAPLE  
TREE.

---

My maple tree is beautiful  
to-day.

She is dressed in yellow.  
Her leaves are turned to gold.  
See them dance in the sun-  
shine!

The wind is coming to take  
them away.

“Where will you go, little  
leaves?”

“We shall make a warm  
blanket for the flowers.

Jack Frost is coming to-night.  
The flowers will be cold.

We shall cover them with our yellow blanket.”

“Good-by, yellow leaves!”

“Dear old maple tree!  
 Your leaves are gone away.  
 You will miss them.  
 They were so green and cool  
 all summer!  
 They were so beautiful in the  
 sunshine!

Are you sad, now they are gone  
 away?”

“Oh, no, little children! I am never sad.

I sent my yellow leaves  
 to cover the little  
 flowers.

You may see them now.  
 They are wrapped in  
 soft blankets.

They are hiding from  
 Jack Frost.

October turned my ma-  
 ple leaves to gold.”

“October turned my maple leaves to gold.”





The hare is a fine fellow.

He can run like the wind.

The tortoise plods slowly along.

"How dull you are!" cries the hare.

"Why do you not run as I do?"

"Let us try a race," said the patient tortoise. "Who can first reach the big oak tree?"

"I can," said the hare; and away he sped.

"I have time enough, and to spare," thought he on his way. "I can sleep a while."

So he lay down to sleep.  
 The tortoise plodded on, and reached the tree.  
 When the hare awoke and ran to the oak,  
     he found the tortoise there before him.  
 Slow and steady wins the race.



Find the hardest words in the lesson.  
 See if you can work and win.

The hare sped like the wind.  
 The tortoise plodded patiently.  
 The tortoise worked and won.  
 The hare slept and lost.



This is a fox.

A fox is a sly old fellow. He likes to play tricks.

I will tell you a story about a fox.

Once a fox fell into a well.

It was so deep that he could not get out.

He tried and tried, but it was of no use.

At last a goat came along.

“Pray, why are you down there?” he said.

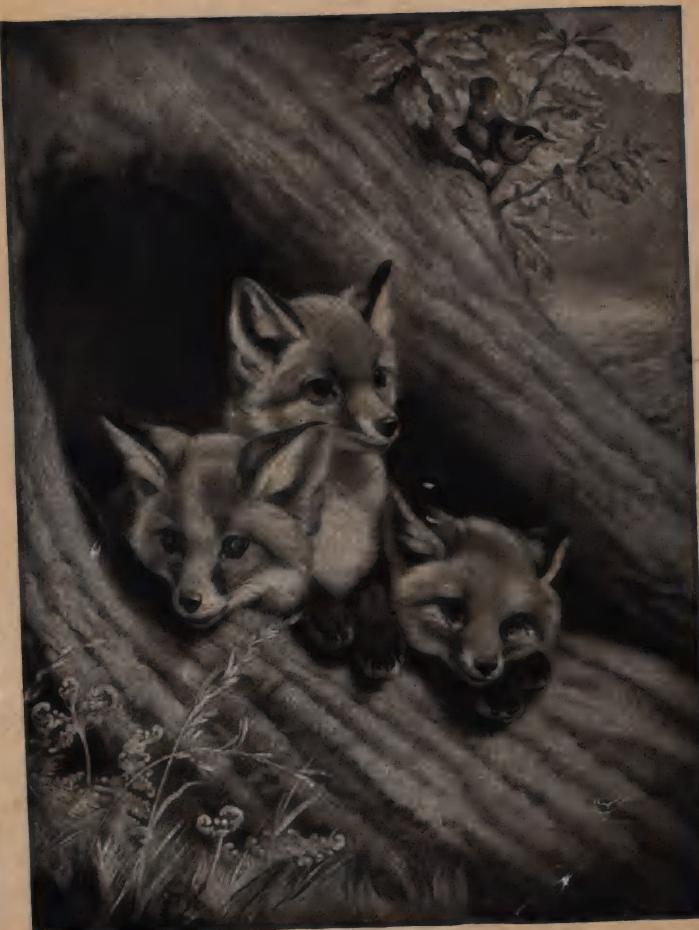
“I am drinking this sweet water,” said the fox.

“Pray, come down and try some.”

So the goat slipped into the bucket.

The sly old fox sat in the other bucket.

As the goat went down in one bucket, the fox went up in the other.



Carter.

THE LITTLE FOXES.

When he reached the top, out he jumped.  
"Good-by, friend Goat," he said; "I hope  
you like the water."

It is never safe to trust the fox.



SILENT STUDY.—Answer aloud.

Have you ever seen a fox?

What do you know about the fox?

What trick did this fox play?

Have you ever seen a goat?

What do you know about a goat?

Tell us.

What did this goat do?

Would you trust a fox?

Why not?



*Our Baby.*

“Where did you come from,  
Baby dear?”

“Out of the everywhere  
Into the here.”

“Where did you get  
Your eyes so blue?”

“Out of the sky  
As I came through.”

“Where did you get  
That pearly ear?”

“God spoke, and it  
Came out to hear.”

“How did you come  
To us, you dear?”

“God thought of you,  
And so I am here.”



THE CHURNER.

J. F. Millet.

## *Making Butter.*

---

Here is a pleasant sight.

Good Elsie is making butter.

See the big churn !

Do you know how our Elsie makes butter?  
She milks the cows every night and every  
morning.

The cows give Elsie a pailful of sweet  
milk every morning, and another pailful  
at night.

Elsie puts the milk into clean pans.

She puts the pans on a shelf in a cool place.  
In the morning she finds the milk covered  
with thick cream.

Then Elsie skims the milk.

Do you know what that means ?

She puts the sweet cream into her churn.  
Up and down, up and down, goes the  
heavy dasher.

Elsie's arms are strong. She likes to work.

She likes the sound of the busy churn.  
Soon the cream is churned into butter.  
Elsie makes little pats of butter for the  
children.

They like butter, I know.

I know they thank Elsie for making the  
yellow butter.

Thank you, good Elsie, for making the  
sweet butter for us.

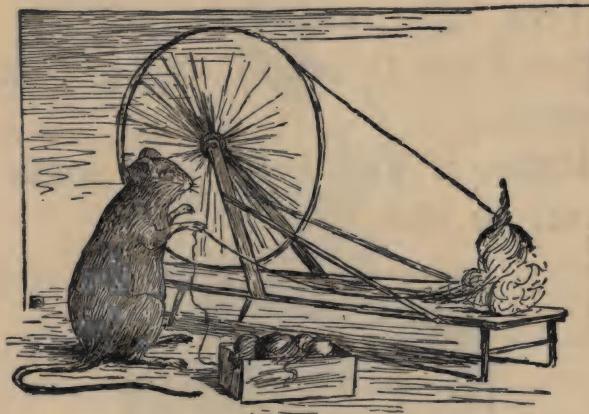
Thank you, good cow, for giving us the  
sweet milk.

Puss likes milk, too; I think she likes  
buttermilk.

She is asking Elsie to give her some  
buttermilk.

Say "Please," Kitty!

~~~~~  
Beautiful hands are they that do  
Work that is earnest and brave and true,  
Moment by moment, the long day through.



A mouse in the oven was spinning blue wool.

Pussy came by, and bit off her tail.

"Pray, Puss, give me my long tail again!"

"Yes, Mouse, if you will bring me some milk."

Mouse ran to the cow.



“Pray, Cow, give me some milk!  
I will give Puss the milk, and get my long  
tail again.”

“Yes, Mouse, if you bring me some hay.”  
Mouse ran to the barn.



“Pray, Barn, give me some hay!  
I will give Cow the hay,  
Cow will give me the milk.  
I will give Puss the milk, and get my long  
tail again.”

“Yes, Mouse, if you will bring me a key.”  
Mouse ran to the smith.



“Pray, Smith, give me a key!  
I will give Barn the key,  
Barn will give me some hay.  
I will give Cow the hay,  
Cow will give me some milk.  
I will give Puss the milk, and get my long  
tail again.”  
“Yes, Mouse, if you bring me some coal.”



Mouse ran to the sea.

"Pray, Sea, give me some coal!

I will give Smith the coal,

Smith will give me the key.

I will give Barn the key,

Barn will give me some hay.

I will give Cow the hay,

Cow will give me some milk.

I will give Puss the milk, and get my long  
tail again."

"Yes, Mouse, if you bring me a feather."

Mouse ran to the hen.

“Pray, Hen, give me  
a feather!

I will give Sea the  
feather,

Sea will give me some  
coal.

I will give Smith the  
coal,

Smith will give me a key.

I will give Barn the key,

Barn will give me some hay.

I will give Cow the hay,

Cow will give me some milk.

I will give Puss the milk, and get my long  
tail again.”

“Yes, Mouse, if you bring me some meal.”

Mouse ran to the miller.

“Pray, Miller, give me some meal!

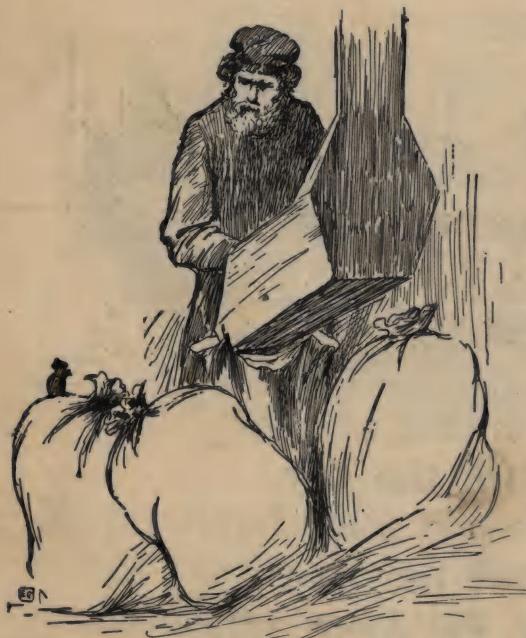
I will give Hen the meal,

Hen will give me a feather.

I will give Sea the feather,

Sea will give me some coal.





I will give Smith  
the coal,  
Smith will give me  
a key.

I will give Barn  
the key,  
Barn will give me  
some hay.

I will give Cow  
the hay,  
Cow will give me  
some milk.

I will give Puss  
the milk, and get my long tail again.”  
“Yes, Mouse, if you bring me some water.”

Mouse ran to the well.

“Pray, Well, give me some water!

I will give Miller the water,  
Miller will give me some meal.

I will give Hen the meal,  
Hen will give me a feather.

I will give Sea the feather,

Sea will give me  
some coal.

I will give Smith  
the coal,

Smith will give  
me a key.

I will give Barn  
the key,

Barn will give me  
some hay.

I will give Cow the hay,

Cow will give me some milk.

I will give Puss the milk, and get my long  
tail again."

"Yes, Mouse, with all my heart."

So the well gave Mouse some water.

First she skipped and then she ran,

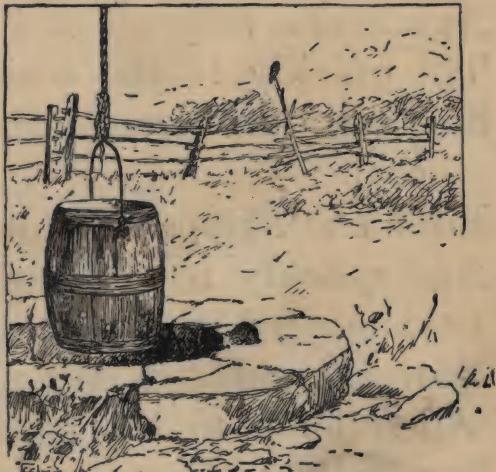
Till quickly to the mill she came,

Laid down her water, and took up her meal.

Now she skipped and then she ran,

Till quickly to the hen she came,

Laid down her meal, and took up a feather.



Again she skipped and then she ran,  
Till quickly to the sea she came.  
She laid down her feather and took up her  
coal.

First she skipped and then she ran,  
And quickly to the smith she came,  
Laid down her coal, and took up her key.  
Now she skipped and now she ran,  
Till quickly to the barn she came.  
She laid down her key and took up her hay.  
Now she hurried, and skipped, and ran,  
Till quickly to the cow she came.  
She laid down her hay and took up her  
milk.

Now she danced, and skipped, and ran,  
Till back to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~barn~~ she came.

She laid down her milk and took up her  
tail, and hopped into the oven spinning  
blue wool.



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## CHRISTMAS DAY.

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Christmas Day is a happy day  
at our house.

We wish every day could be  
Christmas.

The night before Christmas we  
hang our stockings by the  
fireplace.

Kate is so little that she hangs  
two stockings.

One stocking would not hold  
enough.

We go to bed very early, and we  
try to lie awake until Santa Claus comes.  
Last Christmas I thought I should see him.  
The big round moon was shining.  
The snow was cold and white.  
The stars twinkled with joy.  
Everything knew it was Christmas.  
I listened for the sleighbells and the  
patter of reindeer's feet.

But I did not see them. I think I fell asleep.  
When I awoke, it was morning.  
Our stockings were brim full.  
Kate had a new doll, because her old doll  
was broken.

She had a ball, too, and a little tea set,  
with plates, and cups, and saucers.

George had a pair of skates.

He likes to skate.

He had a sled, too; it was not in the  
stocking, but was tied to the toe.

My stocking was full of good things,—the  
very things I wanted.

I had the prettiest doll I ever saw.

I wish that Santa Claus would come every  
day in the year.





HIST